

At the Sign of the "White Elephant"

By ELENE FOSTER

The Treasure and Trinket Fund Buys Wings for the U. S. A.



Photo by Bronx Brothers.

made the supreme sacrifice and sent your greatest treasures to The National Special Aid Society to be sold to buy equipment for the men in our flying corps!

Beloved Treasures and Abhorred Trinkets All Go Into the Melting Pot

The Treasure and Trinket Fund of The National Special Aid Society is calling for all "the white elephants" in the country, but it is also asking us to make real sacrifices beside. It is suggesting that we also send bits of jewelry or silver with artistic merit of which we are really fond, but which we are willing to give up to help in the work which is being done for the men in the aviation branch of the service.

Ex-President Taft has set the example by sending twenty-three pieces of silverware which were among the gifts presented to Mrs. Taft and himself on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Wilson followed with her favorite gold thimble, which, by the way, was bought by the son of the late Hetty Green for \$600; J. P. Morgan has given the entire collection of cups and trophies won from time immemorial by his father's yachts, and Colonel Roosevelt has contributed the silver paper cutter from his desk at Oyster Bay which is familiar to every newspaper man who has visited our "first citizen," as with it the Colonel was wont to emphasize his remarks.

The Treasure and Trinket Fund was founded in September, 1917, by The Aviation Committee of the National Special Aid Society to meet the needs of the aviators going overseas and to look after the welfare of their dependents in case of disaster. Money to carry on this work is obtained by the sale of the thousands and thousands of treasures and trinkets which are sent in from all parts of the country. These arrive daily in huge wooden packing cases and are carefully sorted by the members of the committee. The articles which seem salable are put together to be examined by a representative of the Gorham Company or the International Silver Company, both of which have volunteered to polish, repair or replate any articles which seem worth it, at no expense to the society. These articles come back looking as good as new and are put on sale in the shop at Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue which Mr. Rockefeller has donated for a salesroom.

Buy With a Clear Conscience

And the fascination of that shop filled

with all sorts of interesting things, from cashmere shawls to silver snuffboxes! I am not going to enumerate the treasures to be found there at ridiculously low prices. Go in—the "buses stop at the door"—and see them for yourself. During the winter that shop averaged

over a thousand dollars a week, clear profit.

Sometimes a really remarkable piece of silver is unearthed amid the "white elephants." Such a one was discovered the other day in the shape of a queer old silver goblet with graceful lines and

beautiful tracery. It was taken to a Fifth Avenue dealer for appraisal and was found to be a rare old Seventeenth Century piece worth at least \$1,000. The society has already received an offer of \$750 for it, and \$750 will fit out a goodly number of aviators.

A Mother in Every Port

By MARTHA CANDLER

THEY used to say that old salts had a wife in every port, but they didn't have anything on us!

The little jackie, all of eighteen, swaggered a bit self-consciously as he gave an extra hitch to his "seagoing" middy tie knot.

"Cause we got mothers all over, and gee whiz! who wouldn't rather have a mother'n three or four wives!" His tones were scornful. Then he went on to explain.

"They used to call them the Wednesday Mending Squad, and you just oughta seen the way they'd come here to the training station and sew on our buttons and sew up holes till you couldn't find them. There was one—oh, she was a peach of a lady!—that mended mine the first time and scolded me just like my own mother about the way my toes punch through. Next time she brought me a little sewing kit so I could fix 'em up myself before they got so bad. Then she invited me and my pal to her house to dinner. After that we just got to calling her mother. She's lots like mother, and Henry said she was lots like his mother, the way she knows just what you like, and makes you take a second helping and all that.

Ten to Fill the Place of One

"One time, on a return trip, the convoy put in at a other Atlantic port, as the saying is, and I was awful blue. Thought nobody would ever care anything about me any more. But, say, that first night ashore—it was Saturday—me and George went around to a club they have got there for our sailors. After we'd had a shower—and you better believe it was a good feeling after we'd been on the convoy twenty-six days without even going ashore on the other side—we were playing a game of checkers, America against Germany, him America and me Germany, 'cause he nearly always can lick the stuffin' out of me playin'. In comes a man and announces that his wife sent him to bring home four of us to spend Sunday. There was about ten of us fellows in that room; some of them was doing a clog dance to the phonograph, and some reading and some hanging over the billiard table. We all looks at one another, not saying anything. It sounded too good to us for us to insist on the other fellow going—we'd all just got ashore. Home dinner and folks to talk to! Gosh!

"He was a wise guy. Finally, he says: 'All of you come on,' and we all went. His wife was a fine lady. He told her he bid in the whole lot of us 'cause he couldn't choose, and she laughed fit to kill herself. 'I wanted somebody,' she says, 'to fill my boy's place. He's gone off to be a sailor, too; and his place will sure be full and overflowing into the attic.' We had an awful good time, and she made us promise we would come there every time we come to Norfolk—I mean that Atlantic port.

The Trade Mark Of a Mother

"Me and George was sleeping on some camping out stuff in the attic, and I says to him that night: 'George, it's funny how much she is like mother—when she laughs she looks just like her.'

"Well," says George, "you know how my mother used to pretend to scold us for making a drive on the jam when we were kids. We'd a thought she was read mad, only there was a twinkle back in her eyes. Well, that same twinkle kept coming out in her eyes, even when she got to telling about her boy and looked sad like."

"That night while I was trying to go to sleep a great idea flashed into my mind. 'George,' I said, sitting up in my hammock, 'I believe there's something about mothers that makes 'em different. It's just bully the way a fellow can have a mother everywhere, and they're not a bit jealous. Mothers are the women for me.'

"George just grunted. I guess he must have been nearly asleep. I been worrying about George ever since that dance he went to at the Grand Central Palace a few Saturday nights ago. There was a red-head skirt he tagged around after some, and several times since I've thought he had something on his mind—I hope it's not girls. A man with girls on the brain's no good for a pal!"

Can New York Women Co-operate? They Can

By KATHERINE GLOVER.

NEW YORK has proved that she can get together over a community canning kettle with as much enthusiasm as any village bounded by Main Street and the cow pasture.

New York in Small Town Terms

For the past few weeks, since early in July, New York housewives have averaged a weekly output of about thirty-five hundred quarts of community canned fruits and vegetables, to provide against lean pantry shelves the coming winter. The common kitchen stove, over which some eight hundred to a thousand housewives gather daily, is in the big red schoolhouses of the city, forty of them, all the way from lower Manhattan to The Bronx, from the East River to the Hudson, and extending into the borough of Brooklyn.

The municipal housekeeper who has loaned the cook stove and teachers to act as supervisors is the Board of Education; the up-to-date substitute for the wise grandmother standing back of the canning kettle is the Bureau of Conservation of the New York State Food Commission; the neighborly helpers who have been at the elbows of the housewives helping stir the kettle in more ways than one have been members of the Federal Food Council from all over the city. The Department of Public Markets has served as a neighbor who has sent over batches of peas and beans to "do up."

It has been an interesting experiment in community housekeeping and in war conservation. Of all the cities in the world New York, with its shifting boundaries and its nomadic living tendencies, its unrelated foreign groups each with its own Old World habits of homemaking, is the hardest in which to win co-operation on any community domestic endeavor. But the war, with its common necessities and common problems, is drawing New York housewives together.

This year the need to save food has been even greater than last. Foods to can are more difficult to get and prices are higher, all of which tends to make home canning a more costly and uncertain undertaking. The Bureau of Conservation, the Food Council and City Department of Markets working together secured the co-operation of the City Board of Education to use a certain number of the school kitchens as canning centres, and \$3,000 was voted for salaries of domestic science teachers to supervise the work, plus \$1,000 for supplies. The Food Commission then agreed to supply the jars for canning slightly below cost, and to stand for the breakage, to give the services of six demonstrators to supervise the canning, and generally to organize and launch the

undertaking. The Department of Public Markets engaged to help secure the materials for canning.

A preliminary survey was made by the Food Council to try out the temper of the housewives of different neighborhoods on the subject of community canning. Those neighborhoods where the desire for a centre was greatest were chosen. Schools with kitchens on the first floor were as far as possible utilized, because of the difficulties of carrying materials up steps.

The object of the community canning

jar she receives a refund, and if it is more she pays the difference. It was the plan of the kitchen to can only one food a day, and usually this plan is adhered to, though often a vegetable and a fruit are canned on one day.

Some Community Features of the Work

A woman may, of course, bring her own material and can entirely on her own account under supervision of the teacher, but as a rule the canning is all done on a community plan, the result of

In the first place, there isn't any jelly turned out of the centres, because jelly without sugar is as yet too experimental and sugar is used to the very minimum in the kitchens. Corn syrup replaces part or all of the sugar called for in the recipes. A large quantity of the syrup has been donated to each centre. For preserving that demands sugar for sweetening a cent a jar is charged.

The community experiment has pricked the surface of New York reserve and aloofness and brought out a spirit of real neighborliness. When the registra-

the object of attention from the old-timers. A little Japanese woman came timidly into one of the uptown centres one day and all the others turned in to help her through the initial intricacies of canning.

A Daniel Come to Judgment

A short time ago a point for fine judicial discrimination arose in one of the kitchens. One group of canners departed leaving the skins of their peaches behind. Another group, arriving, rescued the peach skins, added thereto the syrup left in the discarded syrup cans, and presto! there was a delicious jam. Canners No. 1 learned of the jam and immediately put in a claim for it. It was made from their peach skins and their corn syrup. Canners No. 2 answered, "What would your peach skins have availed without our ingenuity?"

The judge's decision went to Canners No. 2, but the object lesson accomplished the purpose, for there are very few peach skins left to waste in that canning centre now. Boiled with a little corn syrup, they are made into syrup for pan-cakes, if nothing else.

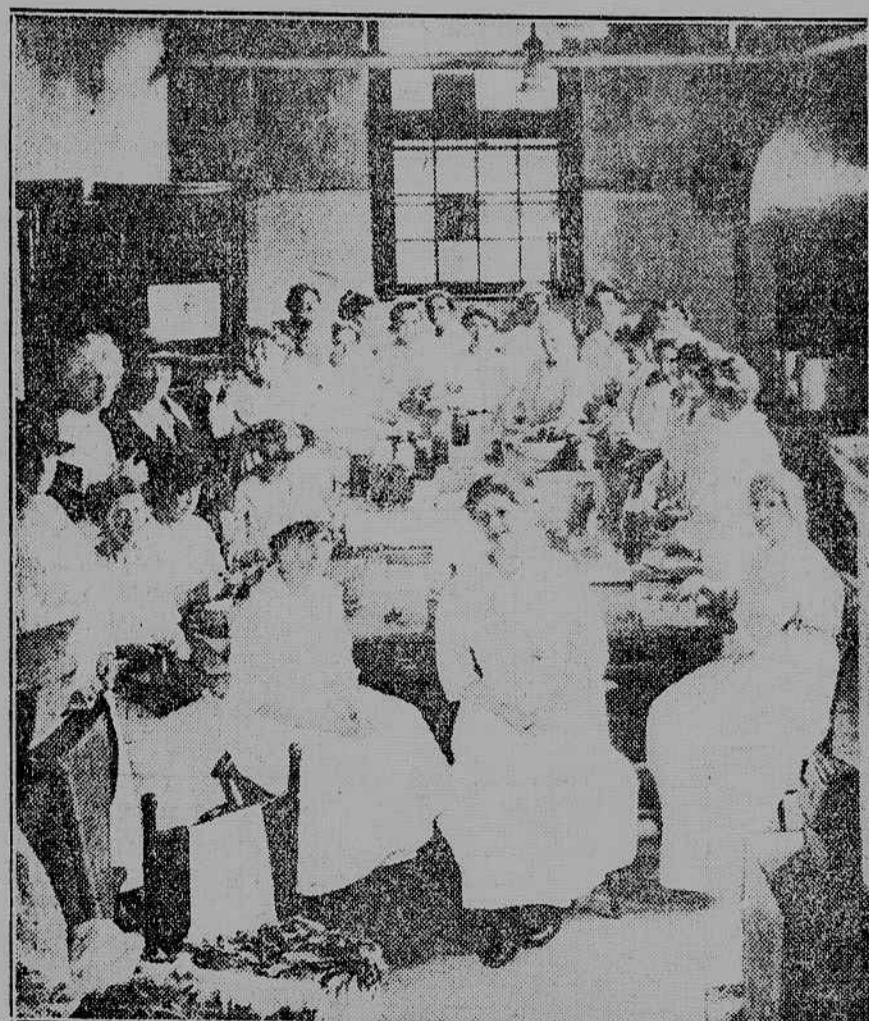
(Mrs. William Hohenzollern kindly take note of what this little world war is doing to the so-called wasteful American housewives!)

Wisdom Gained as Well as Canned Goods

The chief advantage of the kitchens has been educational. The setting of a standard in canning has been even of greater value than the actual saving of food. The centres have proven beyond doubt that New York needs just such community places for the annual canning, which is often difficult and wasteful when done at home. The saving of equipment has been very great and the canning has been done at a lower cost than when done in the individual kitchens. The prices on the blackboard of one centre showed beans by the quart, 8 cents; plums, 12 cents; peaches, 23 cents; conserve, 39 cents.

The securing of materials has been the greatest difficulty the community centres have encountered. Another year this will probably be largely overcome. Quick transportation of materials from direct markets has been very difficult to accomplish. In order to secure the best fruits and vegetables at the best possible prices for canning certain devoted members of the Food Council have gotten out two and three times a week at 4 in the morning and purchased at the market centres.

Whatever the final record may be in actual food preserved, the gain in accumulated efforts of the women who have cooperated to put over this community experiment, in the warm friendliness and spirit of helpfulness awakened in many housewives who never before have rubbed elbows in any undertaking, and in the general conservation of food has made the community canning centres in greater New York a signal success.



Co-operative Buying and Canning

This is a scene in a Little Red Schoolhouse in The Bronx where some twenty housekeepers canned at once and cooperated in reducing labor and expense.

Is New York too big, too suspicious, too unneighborly, too "mixed" as to races and interests to join hands for cooperative ventures? We do not believe it, and the community canning venture confirms our opinion. Education and proper organization are necessary—that is all.

Laura A. Canby, Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Public Markets, reports that the demands on the department by groups of women in every borough of the city for the continuation of the community canning centres to operate during the latter part of August and September afford proof past questioning, both of the need for such work and the success of the summer campaign just ending. With fruits and vegetables at their height it seems as though such efforts should be doubled instead of discontinued, and every effort is being made to carry the work further.

What is true of cooperative canning is true of cooperative buying. Dealers delivered to the canning centres on 5 per cent instead of 15 per cent margins and found they could do it profitably when there was no spoilage, the sale was assured in advance, and delivery of a large quantity was made to one place.

The Tribune Institute Cooperative Consumers' Buying Clubs (Morningside 8775) can save you from 6 to 17 cents on the dollar in buying such foods as eggs, butter, prunes, raisins, beans, etc., if you will "club together." Try it.

ANNE LEWIS PIERCE

was, of course, to economize in the buying of materials, to save on equipment, fuel and labor through community effort. The method adopted for operating the canning centres, in order to keep all the housewives in a block from flocking in on a hurried impulse on one day of the week, was to have a system of registration, whereby a woman registered a week in advance for the privilege of using the kitchen, depositing 10 cents a jar for the material for each jar she wished to can. If when the material is canned the cost falls below 10 cents a

the day's work divided according to the number of jars each individual wishes—regardless of who has done the canning. Up in The Bronx many of the housewives bring products of their own gardens to can, and the twofold pride in the preserved vegetable, both of their own raising and canning, is almost as great as that of the soldier who has bagged his Hun.

The canning centre does away with the danger of experimentation and loss, of the "watchful waiting" to see whether the jelly is going to jell or jell too much.

tion began the demand exceeded the equipment; there were not enough boilers for the forty centres. About four hundred in all were needed. The Food Commission had furnished 120, and because of the short period for which they were to be used a larger expenditure was not deemed wise. A call went out for wash boilers, and wash boilers came in from many different sources. Some of the housewives who patronize the kitchen loan theirs between wash days, taking them to and from the kitchen each week.

A newcomer in the centre is always

But the treasures and trinkets that are on sale in the Fifth Avenue shop are only a small part of those which are received. The majority of the contributions are veritable "white elephants" which are sold for old gold or silver.

The Treasure and Trinket Fund is growing rapidly. The committee in charge recently sent a request to the Governor of each state asking that he appoint an efficient, energetic woman in his state to serve as state chairman and take charge of the shipments. Already more than twenty of these state chairmen have been appointed and the results of their work is seen in the increasing number of packing cases which are being received daily from distant parts of the country. From the time of its inception last September the Treasure and Trinket Fund has raised \$70,000, every cent of which has been expended for the comfort of our flying men.

Why the "Flying Cadet" Needs A Fairy Godmother

It appears that conditions in the aviation branch of the service are a bit different from those of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. A student of aviation, who is called a cadet, receives during the period of his training a private's pay, that is, \$33 per month. At the present time when the need for aviators overseas is extremely urgent in nine cases out of ten the cadet receives his commission and his sailing orders simultaneously. The equipment required for an officer in the Aviation Corps is expensive and it is vitally important that he should have the very best, for an ill-fitting helmet, goggles that wobble, or gloves that fail to keep his hands sufficiently warm may cause disaster. Unless an officer has private means he finds himself without the necessary where-withal to purchase his outfit, and there is usually no time to borrow from relatives or friends, so, as he expresses it, he is "up against it." This is where the aviation committee comes in and where the money from the Treasure and Trinket Fund is put to a good purpose. The officer has only to step into the office at 259 Fifth Avenue and state his needs and whatever part of his equipment is lacking is gladly supplied.

I happened to be in the office of the society on the morning after 200 or more of these young aviators had received their lieutenantcies and their sailing orders. A fine, manly looking lot of young fellows they were and how some of them did hate to ask for assist-

ance! They were very soon made to feel, however, that it was a real privilege to be able to help them and they went on their way rejoicing, each with an order for a warm trench coat, or a bedding-roll, heavy underwear and so on, tucked in the pocket of the brand new tunic. The chairman of the aviation committee, Mrs. William Allen Bartlett, sat at her desk all day long filling out these order blanks, her eyes shining with the pleasure of doing it. And you should have seen the gratitude of those flying men!

So pack up your "white elephants" together with whatever of real treasures you find it in your heart to give for the comfort of our flying men and the families who are left at home, and send them to the Aviation Committee of the National Special Aid Society, at 259 Fifth Avenue, as your "Bon Voyage" and "Bonne Chance" offering to those brave young fellows who are risking their lives in this the most dangerous branch of the service.

The Patriotic Penny

DID you ever hear of a society whose initiation fee was two cents and whose dues were a penny a week? I mean a real, sure enough, "grown up" society and with headquarters on Fifth Avenue at that! There really is such a one and it is known as "The Patriotic Penny." It is another branch of the work which the National Special Aid Society is doing.

Its slogan is "Stand by America" and its raison d'être is to encourage the spirit of loyalty and patriotism among our people—little people and big people—and to discourage German propaganda.

"The Patriotic Penny" was the idea of Miss Weeks, of Wilmington, Del., a member of the National Special Aid Society, who is particularly interested in the welfare of the colored people of her own city.

Testing the Negro's Loyalty

It is difficult for us in the North to realize the childlike gullibility of the Southern negro, and the tales of German propaganda among these people seem to us too ridiculous to be taken seriously. There is the one which no doubt the Germans consider their chef d'œuvre, which pictures the Kaiser as the benefactor of the negro race, who invaded Belgium with the sole purpose of avenging the wrongs of the negroes in the Congo. There is that other of the Kaiser's promise of a Ford car to every negro who refuses to take up arms against him, and there are others equally ridiculous.

Miss Weeks set about to find a way to counteract all this insidious influence, and she found it at last in "The Patriotic Penny." In this association the two cents initiation fee pays for a Lincoln penny on a narrow red, white and blue ribbon, which is the badge of membership. The penny a week is devoted to helping the sailors and soldiers.

Enough Pennies Will Buy an Ambulance

"The Patriotic Penny" was established in Wilmington three months ago, and it recently purchased an ambulance for a French hospital which cost \$1,200. One need not be an expert arithmetician to figure that this means a membership of at least 10,000. Many of these members are children in the public schools.

Encouraged by the success of the organization in Wilmington Miss Weeks brought her idea to the National Special Aid Society, and "The Patriotic Penny" immediately became an important branch of the society's work.

A member signing the pledge card and wearing the patriotic penny of the society pledges himself "to discourage newspapers in the German language; to discourage talk of peace without victory; to report to the National Special Aid Society any unpatriotic acts or speeches; to encourage enlistments; to keep up the courage and enthusiasm of our boys; to work in every way for the army and navy; to buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds and to save food needed abroad."

Where the Treasure Is Look for the Heart

It is planned to swell the ranks of "The Patriotic Penny" by a campaign in the early fall among the school children throughout the country, for there is no reason in the world why every last school child in these United States should not wear the Lincoln penny and live up to the pledge that goes with it.

And you should see the long list of accomplishments which this organization already has to its credit. There is the rent, paid monthly, of a large house which is used as a service club for soldiers and sailors; fifty thousand cigarettes sent monthly to the wounded in the various military hospitals and outgoing ships; chairs and sanitary tables for hospital wards; a pulmotor for one of the army camps and countless smaller emergency needs.

All these material things are useful and necessary and good to do, but "The moral and patriotic good which 'The Patriotic Penny' has wrought since it was founded a little more than three months ago is beyond calculation. Why don't you join? Form a club of ten or twenty people and become a part of the great "Stand by America" movement. The National Special Aid Society, 259 Fifth Avenue, will send you the badges and pledge cards, and all that asks is that you live up to your own